MILES OF SMILES

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MILES OF SMILES

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By EBEN LESH

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Huntington, Indiana
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THESE POEMS ARE DEDICATED
TO
MY WIFE
WHOSE INTERPRETIVE READINGS
MAKE THEM SEEM BETTER
THAN THEY ARE.

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OUR GROCERY MAN

The man what brings us groceries,
Is an awful funny man;
He comes a drivin' like Gee Whiz,
And bustles in and then
He jams the onions in a bag
And slams the kitchen door
And spills the coal oil on the rug
And beans upon the floor
And hurries 'round as if the world
Would come to sudden end
If one wee teeny moment his
Activities suspend,
And then he backs against the wall
And then he stands and gawks
And whistles tunes he makes himself
And talks and talks and talks
And it isn't Ma he's talkin' to
But it's our hired girl.

And once this grocer man he came
When Ma was out for tea,
And Sis was gone and no one home
But Cindy Jane and me,
And me, they didn't count for much
I was so teeny small,
I guess they didn't care 'bout me,
I didn't count at all,

And Cindy Jane made lemonade
And poured it in a cup
And he would drink and she would drink
And so they drank it up;
But when he tried to kiss our Jane
W'y Cindy Jane she balked,
But still he stayed and stayed and stayed,
And talked and talked and talked,
And it wasn't Ma he's talkin' to
But it was our hired girl.

And 'en one time this grocer man
He brought along one day
A awful bag of chocolates,
And Pa was heard to say
To Ma 'You're gettin' stravagant
To buy all this fer Paul,"
And when he zamined of the bill
It wasn't on at all;
Of peanuts and of peppermints
He brought an awful lot
And brought 'em all for Cindy Jane,
And Cindy Jane she got
'Bout everything that girls could want
And gave a lot away
To sister Nan and me because
We'd allus run away,
But wasn't us he brought 'em to;
It was our hired girl.

And now we haven't any girl;
She went and runned away
And married this here grocer man
That used to come and stay,
And talked so long and bringed along
So many pretty things
And give her sweets and nuts and meats
And creams and finger rings;
I'll tell you what, when I get big
I'll be a grocer man
And whistle tunes like Jerry Jones
And hustle all I can,
And some day possibly a girl
Like Cindy Jane, I'll meet,
And if I do, I'll marry her
If she is half as sweet
As our hired girl.

PA DRAWS THE LINE ON RECEPTIONS

I think my Pa's about as nice
As any one's Pa can be;
He likes to go to picture shows
And allus takes Ma and me.
And when the circus comes to town
You bet my Pa is there,
And Ma and me are with him too,
We're with him everywhere.
He takes us on the shoot the shoots
And rides the merry go round,
And when the carnival comes to town
My Pa and me are found
A watchin' the charmer charm the snakes,
Or the rider ridin' the mule,
Or the acrobat a battin' away
Or the clown a actin' the fool,
But Pa draws the line on receptions.

One day my Ma said to my Pa,
"Put on your bestest togs,
For a swell affair is goin' to be had
Down here at Matilda Groggs;
The Lukenses folks and Flukenses folks
And Jenkinses folks I guess,
And all the other swell folks in town
Are goin' to be there in full dress.

My Pa runned home in the waist of his coat
But the tail he left on the box

"I've saw the tailor Jerry my dear."
Speakin' herself to Pa,
"And he's a riggin' a spiketail coat."
Says Ma, Ma says to Pa,
"And trousers with pegs around the legs,
And two button low neck vest,
And Pa, we'll be so proud of you,
More sweller than all the rest."
But Pa draws the line on receptions.

It's needless to say Ma had her way,
For Mas most gener'ly do,
And there was Pa with his spiketail coat
And tan picadilly shoe,
And there in line was a host of folks,
Some women and some of 'em men,
And they squeezed Ma's hand and squeezed
Pa's hand
And mumbled "good evenin' " and then
They crowded along from folk to folk
To hurry the process through,
And there was Pa could only say
"Howdydo, howdydo, howdydo,
Howdydo, howdydo, howdydo, howdydo,
Howdydo, howdydo, howdydo,"
For Pa ain't used to receptions.

Now Pa drinks cider and cel'ry ves',
And pop and hot lemonade,
But punch is a juice he never had touched,
And when he saw it he said
He'd try and maybe he'd worry it down;
But when it came to the test
His hand so trembled he dropped the glass,
And spilled it all over his vest.
My Ma she says, says she to Pa,
"Jerry, my honey dear,
You spilled the punch all over your pants
And made a terrible smear."
Said Pa, perturbed and all wrought up
More than he ever had been,
"It's worse enough to spill the stuff
Without you rubbin' it in."
Now Pa abhors receptions.

Now Pa was 'bout as comfort'ble wet
As ever a man could be.
He'd had a 'sperience he wouldn't forget
Throughout all eternity.
He didn't care 'bout talkin' at all
To the Lukens or Flukenses now;
He hinted to Ma that his mind runned
It's time to be makin' our bow.
It's needless to say Ma had her way
As Mas most gener'ly do,

So Pa concluded to circulate
And see the performance through;
But Lukenses' wife, two hundred flush,
Was sittin' on one of Pa's frocks;
My Pa runned home in the waist of his coat,
But the tail he left on the box.
Now Pa is done with receptions.

WHEN PA PUTS UP THE STOVEPIPE

We all prepare to hold our breath,
When Pa puts up the stovepipe.
It nearly worries Ma to death,
When Pa puts up the stovepipe.

For Pa he frets and storms and scowls,
And frightens baby till he howls;
Our Polly Parrots scream like owls,
And even Fido barks and growls
When Pa puts up the stovepipe.

The joints are scattered here and there,
And clouds of smoke befoul the air,
And honor bright and on the square,
The soot is spattered everywhere,
When Pa puts up the stovepipe.

The air's all clouded up and bleared;
The wall's all spattered up and smeared:
And ashes scattered on the floor
And pleasure gone forevermore,
When Pa puts up the stovepipe.

My Pa's a christian fair and square,
And holds his temper everywhere,
And goes to church and leads in prayer,
But there is one thing makes Pa swear;
That's putting up the stovepipe.

One day when Ma was making pies,
A cloud of dust bedimmed her eyes,
And filled her ears and mouth and nose,
And blackened her from head to toes;
Pa's putting up the stovepipe.

My Ma's so calm and mild and meek,
That when she's smote upon one cheek,
She turns the other, don't you know,
Just like the Bible tells her so;
When Pa puts up the stovepipe.

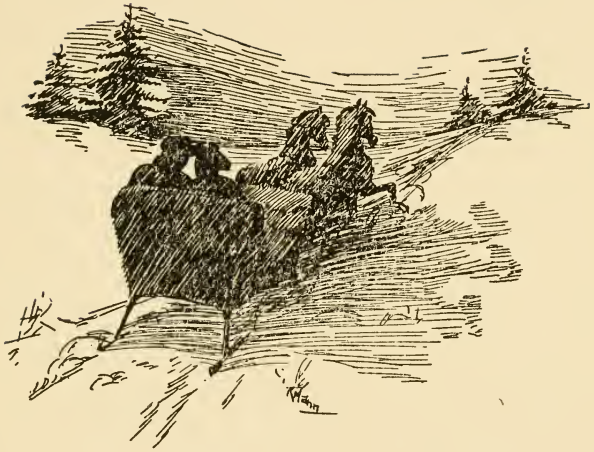
But smiting cheeks is otherwise
Than throwing soot in pumpkin pies,
And Ma she grabbed the scrubbing broom
And swept my Pa clean out the room,
When Pa put up the stovepipe.

Now Ma is putting water bags,
And red hot cloths and mustard rags,
All over Pa where he is sore,
And Pa he swears that nevermore
Will he put up the stovepipe.

SWEETHEART DAYS

I've been sittin' in the twilight,
As the sun is bendin' low,
And my thoughts have been revertin'
To the days of long ago.
I was thinkin' of a Christmas,
'Twas round forty years or so,
When I'se courtin' of your mother.
Blessed thing she didn' know
All the things that was a comin'
Else you'd never have been here;
For the flowers along her pathway's
Not been roses, Laura, dear.
It was on the eve of Christmas
That I took my dapples gray
And I hitched them to a bobsled
And we went and runned away.
I can hear the bells a jinglin'
On those blessed dapple grays,
I can hear your mother singin';
Those were in our Sweetheart days.

And we drove out through the country
To a place where lived a 'Squire;
Just a little old log cabin
And a homely hearth-stone fire;
No electric lights to dazzle;
No high soundin' weddin' tune;



I can hear the bells a jinglin'
On those blessed dapple grays

No bouquets to be a sheddin'
Of their fragrance round the room;
There's no witnesses assembled;
Not a single bidden guest
Save the 'Squire and his good helpmate
For the weddin' to attest;
And out there that bleak December,
In that God-forsaken spot,
That old 'Squire peered o'er his glasses
For to see to tie the knot;
And he tied it and re-tied it
In a dozen diff'rent ways,
For to tie it most securely,
For we's in our Sweetheart days.

Now it wasn't any great while
Till you came a troopin' in;
First was Tommie, then came Robert,
Next I b'lieve was you, then Jim.
What? You say that Robert's older
By two years than brother Tom?
Well, I never could remember
Just the order how you come;
But your mother, couldn't fool her,
She could tell the very day
That each one of you was born on,
She could sing it right away;
And when asked how she remembered
Of so many birthdays rare,

I can hear your mother sayin'
"Pa I reckon I was there."
Oh I think she'd sing our birthdays
In a round of perfect lays;
Didn't seem to have to falter;
Those were in our Sweetheart days.

Then when Christmas was a comin',
Every year we'd raise a tree
And we'd decorate with tinsel
And all sorts of finery;
And we'd hang your little stockin's
To the curtain with a pin,
And we'd open up the chimney
Just to let old Santa in,
And we'd light the tallow candles,
And we'd set them on a chair
So that in the shades of darkness
Santa Claus would know just where
To deposit of his candies,
And the million things he had,
To delight our little darlin's
To say nothin' of their dad;
And your mother she'd be fixin'
In a thousand different ways
To be making us all happy,
For we's in our Sweetheart days.

You're the likeness of your mother;
You're the only girl she had.
Oh I know that boys are splendid,
Really they're not so bad
As they gener'ly are counted,
But in lookin' in your face,
There's the vision of your mother,
As of yore she used to grace
And sustain and bless our household
In the days of long ago.
Oh these reveries are pleasant
I would have them linger so;
But the pleasure of these memoirs
Is increased a thousand ways,
For here's mother kind as ever;
Ere abide our Sweetheart days.

SMILING BRIGHTER

When the sun is shining brightest
And it fairly burns your face,
And you see old Sol a grinnin'
In his devilish grimace,
Did you ever see a rosebud
Hang its head and sulk and pout?
Did you ever see a lily
Act as though it had the gout?
They only smile the brighter.

When the clouds are thickly gathered
And old Thor begins to roar,
And the rain is pouring on you
And you're wet clean to the core,
Did you ever see a lily
Or a rosebud nod askance?
Did you ever hear them murmur
Scold or growl at Providence?
They only smile the brighter.

As the heat of summer solstice,
And the moisture of the showers,
Doth such all effulgent glory
E'er reveal unto the flowers,
Let us emulate their wisdom
And in sunshine and in rain,
With our faces toward the heavens
And our hearts made right again,
Let us smile the brighter.

SALLY ANN

Speakin' of females, my Sally Ann's
About the worst in town;
When it comes to temper, my Sally Ann's
No equal for miles around;
She's 'bout the contrariest one I guess
That ever goes down the pike;
W'y stubborn, that don't begin to express it;
She's obstinate, headstrong. Say Ike
Would you push the cuspidor a leetle closer?

Now Billy McFerson says my Sally Ann's
No worser he bets than his;
But Billy don't know about my Sally Ann;
I'll bet him two shillin's she is;
And Tommy McHenry, he lives on the creek,
He's got him a worser one too,
To hear Tommy tell it; but Billy nor Tommy
Don't know what my Sally will do.
Ike will you put some wood in the stove?

And Sammy McWiggin, w'y Sammy and me,
We used to spell down the whole school;
They tell me that Sammy has got one named Bess,
And she is a regular fool.
There's Sammy and Billy and Tommy and me;
There's four of us all in a square,

And Sammy, when Bess is a actin' so bad,
They tell me that Sammy can swear.
Ike will you raise the windy a leetle?

Now Sammy's and Willie's and Tommy's may act
As bad as ever they can;
But I'll bet you two farthings there isn't a one
Holds a candle to my Sally Ann.
W'y Ikie don't get so excited just now,
I'm tryin' to tell you what's square;
Did you think Sally Ann was my wife, Ikie Boy?
Sally Ann is my old dapple mare.

OUTING AT WEBSTER LAKE

Grandfather sat in his easy chair, and mused o'er
the cares of the day;
While mother and sisters and brother and I,
made ready to hie away
For an outing at Webster Lake.

Trunks and valises and boxes and grips, were
packed in an orderly way;
Telescopes, handbags, suitcases and all, jammed
full of all sorts of array;
Pillow slips, handkerchiefs, clothing galore, a
wardrobe of gorgeous attire;
Bathing suits draped in rich color and hue, for
Bleachers to 'plaud and admire;
At our outing at Webster Lake.

A neat little cottage awaiting us there, a bunga-
low ten by fourteen;
A trifle too small for a tribe of our size, a trifle
too airy I ween;
But a happier place than this cottage of ours,
has never on Terra been seen;
For six little urchins inhabited there, with
Mother enthroned as our Queen;
While outing at Webster Lake.

As to pastime, the fishing was simply immense,
at that popular little resort;
And fishing is fishing, you'll have to admit, and
the same is a capital sport;
Of course there's no catching at any such place,
and for catching against it I am;
But fishing is fishing, and fishing was good,
though catching was not worth a damn;
On our outing at Webster Lake.

And boating was fine when the water was calm,
and of boating we did quite enough;
But boating was what Sherman said about war,
whenever the water was rough;
But to sail on the crest of the silvery waves, in
the light of the vanishing moon,
We six little sweethearts and Mother our Queen,
was Heaven come only too soon;
At our outing at Webster Lake.

And oh boy, the joy of a cold morning plunge,
in the clear crystal springs of the deep;
The washings away of the cares of the day, the
troublesome dreams of sleep;
A whoop and hurrah for a plunge in the Lake,
Three Cheers for old Webster once more;
A spring and a leap, a dive in the deep, and away
we are speeding from shore;
While outing at Webster Lake.

But fishing is fishing, and fishing was good; though catching was not worth a damn

Grandfather's gone to the happy reward, that
beckons the just and the good;
And great are the changes that Old Father Time
has wrought on his dear little brood;
Our hearts have been mellowed, our faces been
furrowed; our Queen decked in ivory white;
But hallowed the mem'ries to bless and sustain
us, as we muse o'er with delight,
Our outing at Webster Lake.

MA AND PA GO TO CHICAGO

My Ma had never seen a town
No bigger'n Wabash, but —
My Pa he onct had seen a town
So big as Terre Hut.
My Pa he thought that Terre Hut
Was all the town there wuzz,
But guess he blinked his eye when first
He heard Chicago buzz.
My Pa he kinder led the way
A saunterin' down the street
A biddin' folks the time-o-day
He happened to meet,
Just like the way we do down here
Where me and Ma and Pa
Were all brought up and allus lived,
But Ma says to Pa "Lah!
There ain't no use a doin' that
Down here in this big town;
The folks they don't take time to see
Your head a noddin' roun'."
It wasn't very long till Pa
He hadn't time to bow.
It kept him busy dodgin' round
The automobiles now.
They came a dashin' down the street;
Pa thought he'd sure get hit:

They came a whizzin' by till Pa,
He nearly had a fit.
They dashed around the corner
From the east and from the west;
They splashed wet mud all over Pa
And smeared his Sunday vest.
No matter whether Ma and Pa
Looked one way or the other
There came a solid row of cars
A follerin' after t'other.
The street cars every now and then
Joined in the big parade;
The vans and trucks came thunderin' by
In reg'lar fusillade.
The jitneys and the taxicabs
A hundred thousand strong
In solid phalanx whistled by
In procession two miles long.
The elevated overhead
Came thunderatin' by;
The motorcycles shootin' past
Like lightnin' from the sky.
My Pa he only went four blocks
And shakin' of his head,
He kinder cleared his throat a bit
And 'dressin' Ma he said,
"It pears to me we're out of place
Down here in this big town;

It kinder makes me dizzy, Ma,
This everlastin' soun';
Let's turn around and go back home,
And gettin' there we'll stay
Where folks have time to eat and sleep
And think and love and pray."

THE BLESSINGS OF THANKSGIVING DAY

I'm feelin' quite youthful this mornin' my dear,
Although I'm seventy-three;
For I'm comin' along to another Thanksgivin',
Or Thanksgivin's comin' to me:
These Thanksgivin' seasons they seem to agree
With a hoary old settler like me;
They carry me back to the pioneer days;
Say back to sixty-three;
You know what happened in sixty-three?
W'y bless you of course you do;
That was the fortunest year of my life,
For 'twas then that I married you.
You ask what have we to be thankful for?
W'y blessings unbounded have we,
For I have you to be thankful for,
And such as I am, you've me.

I know my Eliza we haven't a heap
Of the treasures of this world's store,
But the little we have has been honestly earned,
And this is a treasure far more
To be coveted, dear, than all of the wealth
Of Princes and Czars and Kings;
For I'd rather be poor in a Heaven blest cot,
Than rich in worldly bought things;
But I guess we can muster a turkey or two
For Thanksgivin' dinner my dear,

And I'd rather have roasted, one turkey of yours,
Than a whole durned barbecue steer.
You ask what have we to be thankful for?
W'y rich beyond Croesus are we,
For I have you to be thankful for,
And such as I am, you've me.

Now Thanksgivin' dinner Eliza, let's see —
How many of us will there be?
There's David and Arthur, Nathaniel and Joe,
Priscilla and Reuben, I see,
Oh, Susan, I nearly forgot about her,
How dreadfully stupid of me;
I think I named seven, you say sixty-six?
Now how in the world can it be;
Oh pshaw O forgot all about the grandchildren,
That proves that I'm on the decline;
But Liza in counting the grandchildren all,
It only makes bare thirty-nine:
Oh the next generation that makes sixty-six;
You say no Thanksgivin' for me?
When we have all these to be thankful for?
And such as we are, are we.

Roasted turkey and broth and cranberry sauce,
And hot pumpkin pies, and peas,
Boiled turnips, tomatoes and roast sweet potatoes,
And all of such good things as these;
I'll tell you Eliza no wonder it makes
A codger like me feel gay.

To think of the victuals we're going to have
A comin' on Thanksgivin' day;
And to know that these victuals, you cooked
them yourself.
That makes them lots better for me,
For I've fed on your cookin' for many a year;
I've stood it since sixty-three.
You ask what have we to be thankful for?
W'y bless you rich treasures have we,
For I have you to be thankful for,
And such as I am, you've me.

The pilgrims who carried the Puritan Faith
From over the deep blue sea,
Amid their privations and hardships and want,
To the land of freedom to be,
Established forever the worship of God,
Unstayed by dogmatic decree,
And thanks to Almighty, devoutly they gave
An example for you and for me.
I know my Eliza we havn't a heap,
Of the treasures of this old world,
But Croesus ne'er dreamed of such wealth as is
ours,
In the wealth of Old Glory unfurled;
And I know that with all I have said you'll agree
That blessings unbounded have we
For I have you to be thankful for,
And such as I am, you've me.

THE WEATHER

Down where I live in Dingytown,
If it concludes to rain,
A lot of folks more wiser far
Than Providence, complain;
Or if upon the other hand,
The sun concludes to shine,
They hang their heads and wag their tongues
And grumble, scold and whine.

Again when winter's chilling blasts,
Are blowin' and a breezin',
They yearn for good old summer time
And watermelon season;
But when old Sol arrives in June,
These folks begin to sizz,
And puff and pant and groan and swear
"Good Lord, how hot it is."

If Providence concludes to give
An open winter, there
They are a rantin' for the cold
To purify the air,
But if it's cold and all frizz up,
They're clamorin' for mild
Weather, for as sure as sin
The fruit will all be sp'iled.

But I have noticed pretty much
No matter what they say,
The man wot makes the weather slate
Most allus has his way;
So I've concluded as for me
I'll tend to my own biz,
And let the weather man alone
And take it as it is.

HE DIDN'T SAY HIS PRAYERS

I guess I've seen dear Santa Claus;
I know him very well,
For once dear Santa woke me up
A ringing of his bell!
He didn't mean to wake me up,
He came so very still;
But don't you know he dropped his bell
Upon the window sill,
And there he stood with loads of toys
And whispered to me "Benny,
You naughty boy, you go to sleep
I didn't bring you any.
For you went to bed
And never said your prayers."

And oh he had such loads and loads
Of toys and pretty things,
And beads that sparkled oh so bright,
And teeny finger rings,
And piles and piles of sweets and meats
And nuts and dates and figs,
Enough to feed the whole wide world,
Although we eat like pigs,
And sleds and everything I dess,
But hadn't none for Benny;
Because I was a naughty boy
He didn't bring me any,

For I went to bed
And never said my prayers.

And sister Susie's stocking oh!
He filled it to the brim
And left a watch and sled for John,
And most everything for him,
And oh I got the bestest joke
On my dear Santa Claus:
I sneaked downstairs and hanged my sock
Where Ma had hanged my Pa's!
But one thing sure that after this
I never will take any
Chance on finding Santa Claus
For after this when Benny
Goes to bed
I always say my prayers.

HOLD STILL BOBBIE

My Ma she has such queer idees
Of how small boys should always please
Their Ma in everything they do
And mind their Pa and sister, too
And allus do just what they're told
Until they're least sixteen years old
And she will say "Come here my dear
Until I scrub your little ear —
Now hold still Bobbie."
I can't hold still.

My Ma's as gentle as a dove
She calls me "honey, dear and love"
But she will take a kindling stick
And rub till sparks are flying thick;
Why she's a reg'lar dynamo
When she sets in to scrub me so;
She'll scrub a hole clean through my ear
And still she'll say "My little dear,
Hold still Bobbie."
I can't hold still.

Why Ma can take some rub-no-more
And rub a hole clean through the floor;
When she begins to scrub my ear
The whole wide world grows bleak and blear;
My eyes begin to fog and dim;

I lose my vigor, strength and vim,
And all a little boy can hear,
Is Mother saying "Little dear,
Hold still Bobbie."
I can't hold still.

It matters not how hard I try,
When Mother scrubs I've got to cry,
And wind and squirm around and fuss,
And naughty boys would almost cuss,
And I have simply got to jump
And bow my back into a hump
And twist my head to get away
But still I hear my Mother say;
"Now hold still Bobbie."
I can't hold still.

PA HE IS MY CHUM

I likes that man what visits us,
Most every Sunday night;
He brings me peanuts and the like,
And calls me smart and bright,
And little dear and honey drop,
And oh the mostest names,
Of things that's sweet and good to eat,
And plays such funny games
With me, like hide and seek it out,
And drop the button too;
An' 'en one time he jumped at me
And skeered me with a "BOO!"
An' he is awful nice to me,
The nicest man by gum;
But Pa's the man I like the best
'Cause Pa he is my chum.

And oh this man what visits us,
He wears the nicest vest
And pants and coat and overcoat
And guess he wears the rest
Of all the things that other folks
Most generally wear,
And has the nicest smelling dope
Be-smattered on his hair;
And keeps his shoes all shinin' black,
And necktie shinin' red,

But I can't see why Sis wants me
To allus go to bed
At sundown still on Sunday night
And tells me "hush" and "mum;"
For I likes this stranger awful well;
But Pa he is my chum.

An' he's the nicest man to Sis
This stranger man, he is,
And brings her candy more'n a ton
And says it's no one's biz
If he buys out the candy store
And brings it all to her,
For all the candy in the world
Is far too little fer
A girl so sweet as Sis is
And buys her nuts and creams.
And' allus when he leaves he says
"Bye Bye, Sweet — pleasant dreams,"
An' brings her honey and the like,
An' piles of chewing gum,
An' I likes my sister's stranger man;
But Pa he is my chum.

An' 'en this man what visits us,
To work he is a whopper;
Washes dishes for my Sis.
Don't you think that Pop er
Me er any other man like us
Would do a thing like that!

Nor would this man what visits us
If sister didn't chat,
An' tie an apron 'round his waist
An' make him look so funny.
An' call him silly names an' such
Like Dear and Dove an' Honey.
An' oh this man what visits us,
Sis likes to have him come;
But I likes my Pa the best of all
For Pa he is my chum.

An' 'en my Sis, she's makin' things
The nicest cutest things;
She calles them Treusses or the like;
An' wears the mostest rings;
An' when I ask her what they're for,
She says "Hush naughty boy."
An' gets all red around the face,
'N Pa tells me don't annoy
Poor Sis for she is nervous now,
An' sends me right to bed,
An' there I cry myself to sleep
An' wish that I was dead,
Or Sis was married to this man,
This nasty ugly bum,
For I hates this man, but I love my Pa
For Pa he is my chum.

STINGY SOL DOLE

By far the stingiest ole soul
That I have hearn of's ole Sol Dole
Down yonder by the Walley Nod.
I've hearn some fellers say "Tight Wad"
When ole Sol Dole was passin' by,
And peered to me they's purty nigh
Corrict in that for I've hearn say
That he's so stingy he would pay
His urchins fifteen cents a day
To do without their supper, 'nen
He'd make 'em pay it back again
Fer breakfast. When the county fair
Was runnin' full blast over there,
He passed the gate and climbed a tree
To save a payin' enterin' fee.
He wouldn't marry off his gal
Because he allus claimed that Sal
Was more than payin' of her way,
And every beau, he chased away
But John, and John he came to stay,
Altho their courtin' I am tole
Was unbeknowance to Sol Dole.
Now Sol had land for Kingdoms Kum:
Why he had more of it by gum
Than he could ever plow or seed,
And so there weren't any need
To move his house down on the sand
That overflowed to make more land,
For he already had a heap
Besides how much he'd sow and reap;
But ole Sol Dole jist couldn't stand
To see that house on fertile land

When down the walley's, desert sand.
And so Sol waited till the fall
When there weren't any rain at all,
And then he took the lowest spot
Of all the waste lowlands he's got,
And down there in the hole he sot
His house; and as he oped his eyes
Thuswise did ole Sol-lilloquise;
"Behold how great a man I am
To build my house upon the san'
And so reclaim the tillin' lan',
To raise more corn and oats and peas,
To buy still greater lands than these,
Till I can say of all I view,
'Sol Dole this all belongs to you;' "
Not reconin' with April showers
Which come as sure as love and flowers;
But when the rains began to fall,
The family scampered one and all
Save Sol himself who stood his ground
To keep the thieves from comin' 'round.
And when the river rose and swole,
Right there at hum was ole Sol Dole,
And when the house began to float,
Could hear Sol callin' for a boat,
But none in sight, and on the hill
Was John and Sal and sister Lill,
And of the neighbors quite a lot,
And ole Squire Jones who tied the knot,
And as the house went floatin' down
And there's Sol sittin' on its crown
They all joined in a glad refrain
"Goodbye Sol Dole, come back agane."

And as the house went floatin' down
And there's Sol sittin' on its crown

I'VE BEEN THINKIN' OF JOININ' THE "Y"

I says to Malinda, Malinda, says I,
"I'm thinkin' Malinda, of joinin' the 'Y'."
Malinda she faltered and presently said,
"Now Jerry, whatever put that in your head?
The 'Y' is not made for such people as you,
The 'Y' is for people with nothin' to do."
That set me to thinkin' to try to find out
Just what in creation the "Y" is about;
The what and the wherefore, the when and the why,
For indeed I was thinkin' of joinin' the "Y".
I went to the buildin' and lo and behold,
They'se playin' at billiards and nine-pins. I'se told
That they had in the basement a pool to plunge,
And gyms for gymnastics to tumble and lunge,
And courts for athletics of various sorts,
And games and amusements and pleasures and sports;
And of all the fun that I ever did see,
I never seen nothin' as pleasin' to me
As I seen down there with my own naked eye,
And comin' back home to Malinda, says I,
"I'm joinin' Malinda," and told her just why
I had made up my mind to be joinin' the "Y".

Malinda's no fool if she do be my wife;
She's the smartest of women I've seen in my life.
"Now Jerry," said she, "I don't care, not a whit
For Jerry a joinin' when Jerry sees fit."
Then speakin' right out in a moment of time
She told me some reasons that's simply sublime,
The what and the wherefore, the when and the why
A feller like me should be joinin' the "Y".
She says "I've been hearin' some things," says she,
"Some things that was quite unbeknowance to me;
I've been hearin' how boys that was slidin' down grade
Have been taken in hand and their down slidin' stayed,
And into most honorable citizens made;
I've been hearin' how boys that were loafin' aroun'
In joints of disorder and places low down,
And tellin' of stories and tales that were vile
Have been set to a doin' of somethin' worth while;
I've been hearin' of boys with characters fine,
A driftin' away from the orthodox line,
And tendin' toward worldly and frowardly sport,
A comin' right back to the best of their sort;
I've been hearin' of boys from every sphere
A comin' together and minglin' their cheer,

As each to each other a blessin' he brings,
As if buildin' up crowns for these uncrowned
Kings;
I've been hearin' of boys the high and the low
With nothin' to do and no good place to go,
A joinin' the 'Y' and a goin' down there
And minglin' with people the best that there air,
And a readin' of books as good as are writ,
And of magazine stories, a makin' 'em fit
To live in this country, the best in the world,
The land of the Star Spangled Banner unfurled;
I've been hearin' of boys as brave and as true
As ever marched under the Red, White and Blue,
A joinin' the 'Y' and a crossin' the sea
And carryin' with them the hope of the free,
And marchin' down into the jaws of despair
Where gases and cannon smoke clouded the air,
And buildin' an altar of worship down there."
When Linda had finished, a tear in my eye
Came tricklin' down, a knowin' that I
Had personal reasons for joinin' the "Y"
And I hastened to join and a knowin' just why.

TOM JENKINS IS A PURTY GOOD SQUIRE

Tom Jenkins, he isn't a lawyer,
His tongue isn't gilded with fire,
He doesn't know much about lawin'
But still he's a purty good squire.
He tries to decide of the questions
About as he thinks they should be,
And deal out the law in a measure
In rather methodic degree,
And balance his rulin's 'bout even
If even he sees that he can,
"For the law," says this Honor'ble Justice
"Is not a respecter of men."

Jim Bowersock it seems was disabled
Because of a terrible kick
Which was laid to the door of Sam Johnson
Residin' in Tom's bailiwick.
Now no one could doubt for a moment
That Bowersock was horribly served,
But some who had known him at Keystone
Had said he got what he deserved,
And the evidence showed beyond question
That Bowersock sustained broken arm,
At two or three places and elsewhere
Had suffered great bodily harm:
His nose had been battered and flattened

And shorn of its beautiful bridge,
His stomach had nearly been punctured
And robbed of its globular ridge;
He was brayed on his thigh and his sirloin,
And bruised on the rear of his neck,
And anyone lookin' on Bowersock
Would say "He's a terrible wreck."
The lawyer defendin' Sam Johnson
Was not of the scholarly kind,
Just a plain every day country lawyer
With most of his foresight behind,
But he called for his witness Nan Baker;
As I from the Justice found out,
Nan had seen the whole bloomin' transaction,
And knew what it all was about.
Now the squire would first rule with defendant
And next he would rule with the State,
And thuswise he tried to keep even
As I tried heretofore to relate,
And he saw every time that his rulin'
Was friendly to Bachelor Sam,
Nan Baker swelled up with delightment
And poised herself tranquil and calm,
But with each of his alternate rulin's
Impartially favorin' the State,
Nan's bosom heaved up indignation,
As I heard Justice Jenkins relate;
And the Squire bein' more observatin'

Than Squires most gener'ly be,
Proceeded to write on his docket
As he himself told it to me,
And after the writin' was finished
He slowly uplifted his head
And without any more testifyin'
The Justice his sentence he read;
"I've concluded" said Justice Tom Jenkins
"To let the defendant go hence,
On the charge that he 'saulted Jim Bowersock,
But as to the other offense,
I impose upon him a life sentence
His term has already began."
Sam Johnson he knew just the meanin'
And 'dressin' himself to Miss Nan
He said "I've got plenty of money
At home in my corduroy pants,
But I wasn't a thinkin' of needin'
Much more'n about seventy cents
For my dinner, and if you're not mindin'
To loan me a three or a five,
I'm a thinkin' we may as well finish
The job and be savin' a drive."

Now Justice Tom Jenkins he chuckles
And literally laughs in his boots
Every time he drives down past Sam Johnson's
And sees Johnson's fine little toots.

WITE IN THE DWAWIN' ROOM

One time there was a gen'leman,
His name was Sammy Gipe,
And every time he cumed around
He allus brought his pipe,
And Pa, he didn't say so much
But Ma she'd have a fit
For he'd go in the dwawin' room
And there he'd smoke of it,
Wite in the Dwawin' Room.

And 'en he'd puff the smoke in culs
Ascendin' to the wall,
And Ma she'd get most awful mad,
She didn't like it 'tall
And 'en he'd shake the ashes off
And brush em on the floor,
An 'en he'd fill his pipe agin
And en he'd smoke some more,
Wite in the Dwawin' Room.

And 'en this man he'd look around
To find 'e cuspidor,
And 'en he'd spit and 'en he'd smoke
And 'en he'd spit some more,
And Ma would be a lookin' mad
And thinkin' what a bore,

And 'en one time he missed the box
And spit upon the floor,
Wite in the Dwawin' Room.

And 'en my Ma she did get tross
And grabbed the sweepin' stick
And 'en she up and after him
And made the fur fly thick,
And jabbed him with the poker
An' sticked him with a pin;
I'll tell you wot my Ma she did
She made mince meat of him,
Wite in the Dwawin' Room.

QUIETIN' TITLE

My Ma's a widder, understand,
And wunct she owned a tract of land
But when she went to Lawyer Snapp
She found the title had a gap,
And all the world and Kingdoms kum
Was claimin' what we called our hum;
And so the lawyer said there 'ain't
No way to 'void this here complaint.
"Comes now the plaintiff Mary Brains,
And of defendant she complains,
And for her cause plaintiff avers
That all the property is hers
Wherein the plaintiff doth reside
And no one's else. No one beside
Herself: But notwithstandin' same
Defendant doth persist to claim
He owns the land. Not only he
But all of his posterity;
His wife and children names unknown,
Where'er they be if they're his own,
His heirs, assigns and legatees,
Executors and devisees;
The unknown heirs of all of these;
Administrators if you please,
All his receivers and trustees;
And if perchance some one or more
Of these are on the other shore,

The same lingeric as before
Applies to the unnumbered dead
Who claim this land as aforesaid.
The plaintiff says this nasty claim
Involves the spelling of a name;
That something like two hundred years
Before the flood, as it appears,
A man whose name was Tom McThee
Forgot to cross the second T
Which in the title makes a gap
That's wholly fatal.
Lawyer Snapp."
My Ma she winned that big lawsuit
And got to pay the costs to boot,
And got her title clean as day
And when the land was sold to pay
The costs it only took they say,
About a hundred fifty more
Than what the land she selled it for,
And if Ma has another scrap
She's goin' right back to Lawyer Snapp.

RETURNED FROM EXILE

Well now I 'low it's been an age
Since I left this old Town;
Why over yonder stands the jail.
It's now all tumbled down;
And there's the same old Court House where
The Jedge my sentence read,
And I remember how the Jedge
In readin' bowed his head.
I think he knew I'se innocent,
But there's the verdict — well;
And here's the house where she had lived,
My dear old sweetheart Nell.
I think perhaps I should have stayed
And served my sentence through
But knowin' that I'se innocent
It was more than I could do.
Well Nell she married, so I read
Soon after I had gone;
I couldn't blame her nary bit
She thinkin' what I'd done.
I wonder if she'd know me now?
Why bless her there she stands,
And bless my soul I b'lieve I see
Her wavin' of her hands.
Hello there Nell! you look as young
As you did ages past,
I guess a marryin' agreed with you.

Well I've come back at last;
I'm goin' to serve my sentence Nell,
Although I did no wrong,
But I can't stay away no more,
The time it seems too long.
And Nell I never thought no harm
Of you for what you've done,
For you did right forgettin' me
As soon as I was gone.
The jury gave its verdict in
And here I ran away,
And you went off and married him.
What's that I hear you say?
Am I a dreamin' that old dream
I've dreamed a hundred times?
Am I a hearin' of the bells
That rang a hundred chimes
And always startled from my dreams
To find myself alone;
No place whereon to lay my head
No one to call my own?
You tell me that when I had gone
Another had confessed,
And when you found I'se innocent
You waited for me jest
A knowin' that the day would come
When I'd return to you?
Well here I am and here you are
The same old sweetheart true.

WHEN MA CLEANS HOUSE

When Ma cleans house the first of May
As Mas most gener'ly do,
My Pa and me, we'd run away
As Pas most gener'ly do,
Exceptin' Ma she'd be so cross,
Our hired girl Jane'd be at a loss
To know just how to clear the muss
And there would be an awful fuss
When Ma cleans house
If Pa and me was gone.

My Ma she musses up the floor,
And throws the carpets out the door,
And takes the blinds and curtains down,
And guess she'd turn the house aroun'
When Ma cleans house
If Pa and me was gone.

She beats the carpets and the rugs,
And scalds the floor to kill the bugs,
If any should be hidin' there,
And guess she'd meddle everywhere
When Ma cleans house
If Pa and me was gone.

She turns the beds all upside down,
And scatters clothing all aroun'
And stops the fires and don't know why,
And guess we'd freeze to death purt nigh
When Ma cleans house
If Pa and me was gone.

My Pa can't find a thing to wear
Exceptin' of his hide and hair,
And maybe find his pants and hat,
And hardly think that he'd find that
When Ma cleans house
If Ma and me was gone.

One day my Pa — don't never tell —
My Pa he wasn't very well,
And when my Pa is sick why he
Is just about as ornery
As ever anyone can be;
And when he couldn't find his shirt
He gathered up our hired girl's skirt,
And when you think that Jane is jes
An angel you have missed your guess;
So when Jane saw it was my Pa
A wearin' of her skirt she saw
An opportunity to jaw
And which she did and did it well
In words I never dare to tell;
And when my Pa he answered back
She took a peach pie from the rack,
And aimed it right at my Pa's head
And driv my Pa right back to bed,
And kept him there until he said
He's sorry that he wasn't dead;
And ever since that thing occurred
My Pa he never says a word
But when Ma cleans house
Pa and me are gone.

LEGISLATIVE DUTIES

I have lived a life of pleasure
Though I know of none so great,
As to stand before the Solons
Of my own fair native State,
And advise the Legislature
What I think it ought to do,
And to do it mighty quickly
And adjourn when it is through.

First of all I'd pass a measure
To abolish all the tax,
And if any should oppose it
Don't you think that I'd relax,
'Till I had the task accomplished,
For I count the tax a bore,
And I'd keep on hammerin' at it
'Till it's killed forevermore.

Then I'd regulate the weather
When it rains it ought to shine,
And I'd make it hot in winter
And make it cold in summertime,
So we wouldn't freeze our fingers
If a skatin' we should go,
And when ice cream season's on us
We could freeze it in the snow.

Then I'd touch upon the airplanes
And I'd make 'em so they'd fly
And a keep on flyin' steady
Even though the wind is high,
For it's mighty inconvenient
To be flyin' over town
'nd have some little thing to happen
For to bring you tumblin' down.

Then I'd take up automobiles;
Pass a law to make 'em bump
Not so everlastin' vicious
When they hit you on the rump,
For there's nothin' in creation
That will agitate you so
As to have an automobile
Runnin' over you, you know.

Then you might take up such questions
As mosquitoes, bugs and flies,
For there isn't such a nuisance
Underneath the starry skies;
And there's not a Solon present
But that knows that this is true
And to pass a law against 'em,
We're demandin' you to do.

Then I b'lieve that colds and measles,
Mumps, and smallpox I'd efface,
And such other kindred ailments

As afflict the human race,
For there's nothin' so annoyin'
And so brazenishly bold
As a feller who's a talkin'
While affected with a cold.

When it comes to minor measures
Like the welfare of the school,
Or good roads, or coal commissions,
All these questions as a rule
Will adjust themselves quite likely
Without legislative aid,
But not so with all the subjects
I have mentioned aforesaid.
If you'll solve these knotty problems
You've accomplished great deal more
Than has any legislature
Since before the Trojan War.

MA'S SAVIN' OF THE WORLD

I've got the nicest, sweetest Ma,
What ever you did see;
I know I have because my Pa
He's told it so to me.
Of course I've never seed my Ma
Which seems a little queer,
But then I know I have a Ma
Else how would I be here?
And 'en I see her clothes and things
All scattered round about,
Which Pa and me we both pick up
When Ma is allus out.
And Pa and me we make the beds
And build the fires and sweep
And brush and dust and cook. Oh Pa
And me we do a heap;
For Ma is savin' of the world.

I wish to goodness I could see
My real living Ma;
I've seed her picture several times
According to my Pa,
But pictures are so cold and stiff,
They cannot talk to me;
It is my Ma what walks and talks
I'm crazy for to see;
My Ma what had her picture took

And put it in the press
And all the neighbors said to me
Your Ma is smart I guess;
My Ma what wears the shoes and things
What's scattered all about
Which Pa and me we both pick up
When Ma is allus out
A savin' of the world.

My Ma she comes home every night
According to my Pa,
But I am allus 'sleep in bed
And cannot see my Ma,
And 'en before she gets awake
I'm gone to school or play
And never get a glimpse of her
Throughout the livelong day.
My Ma I guess she is a power
From what the papers say;
They tell of something smart she's said
'Bout almost every day,
I guess she's 'bout the brightest Ma
For miles and miles about
But how I wish and wish that Ma
She wasn't allus out
A savin' of the world.

My Ma she writes the bestest things
'Bout raisin' of a child
And allus keepin' vigil eye
To see it don't go wild;

And how she gives the mothers shucks
What doesn't allus know
Just all about their boys and girls
And every place they go,
And how the boys will go to sticks
And come to dreadful end
If mother for a weenty time
Her vigilance suspend.
Oh wizard's what they call my Ma
Cause she knows all about
Child culture. But I often wish
Ma wasn't allus out
A savin' of the world.

My Ma is white I know she is
For Pa he told me so;
She's got blue eyes and auburn hair:
There's lots of things I know
About my Ma and how she looks;
I learned them all from Pa,
But how I'd like to get a glimpse
Myself of my dear Ma.
But one thing that is just as sure
As ever sure can be;
I know because Pa told me so;
Pa makes a chum of me.
If I should get another Ma
Besides the one I've got,
It's goin' to be one not so smart
What isn't allus out
A savin' of the world.

WHEN SI PLUMPKINS RAN FOR CONGRESS

When ole Si Plumpkins for Congress ran,
He was as good as ever a man
Can possibly be and still survive.
He'd promise you anything. Goodness alive
There weren't three men, nor probably two
That he hadn't given the Post Office to.
I can remember he kum to me
And asked me to promise to "wote for he"
And said he'd do handsome by me some way
But how he would do it he didn't just say
And when he's elected he did as agreed
And sent me an exquisite package of seed
YES SIR, HE DID.

But just a revertin' a little once more
To that Post Office business a mentioned before,
That made a few fellers a leetle bit sore,
For there weren't a thousand Post Offices nor
There weren't but one in our little Hum Town
And that Post Office puddin' it wouldn't go roun'
And a lot of our fellers are stubborn as sin
And they jumped on Si Plumpkins and pounded it in
And wrote him mean letters and threatened to skunk 'im

And called him mean names like Traitor and
Bunkem,
But while ole Si Plumpkins didn't do as agreed
He fixed it all up with a package of seed.
YES SIR, HE DID.

We've got some ole soldiers who fought in the war
And as poor as Job's turkey who couldn't no more
Resist the entreaties of Plumpkins' appeal
Than soap-sudsie fingers will hold to an eel,
And to these ole Si Plumpkins he promised if he
Was elected to Congress BY HICKEY HE'D
SEE
That their pensions were doubled and possibly
more,
For a man who's a soldier and fought in the war
Accordin' to Plumpkins should get every cent
A comin' from Congress if ever he went,
And when Plumpkins fell short to do just as agreed
He made it all up with a package of seed.
YES SIR, HE DID.

The farmers would get, if Si Plumpkins he beat,
Four dollars a bushel for all of their wheat,
Not less than a quarter a pound for their meat,
Such as steers and ole heifers, but townfolks who
eat
It would get porter house for a shillin' a pound
And for maybe ten cents we would buy choice
round,

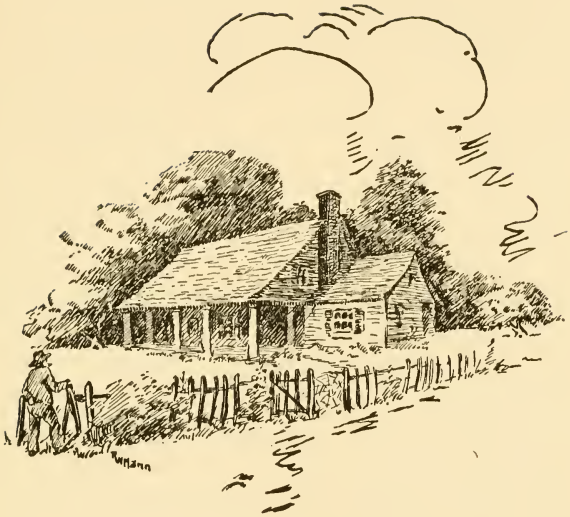
And our bread should be lower than ever it was
If Si Plumpkins was 'lected to Congress because
He'd favor the townsfolk, he vowed that he would,
And give us our livin' as cheap as he could.
But Si couldn't do everything he agreed
But he sended us all a big package of seed
YES SIR, HE DID.

Now Si concluded to run once more,
And this time was lavisher yet than before.
The town it needed and surely would git
A Post Office building if lightnin' should hit
Si's political rod. And time and agane
He promised ambassadorship to Spain
And Greece and Turkey and Afghanistan
To diverse and sundry and various men.
And about six or seven or probably eight
He was goin' to make Secretary of State,
But a lot of Si Plumpkins' seed didn't sprout
And so we fellers we woted him out;
YES SIR, WE DID.

BACK TO THE OLE HOME PLACE

Kinder makes a feller lonesome, or not
Just lonesome, don't know altogether what
That funny feelin' is that makes you blue
Returnin' to the farm that fathered you,
After spendin' forty winters in the South.
Don't remember bein' back here since the drouth
Destroyed the clover crop way back in eighty,
Didn't think I'd come till here just lately;
When the thought come to me says I, "Shore
I want to see the ole home place once more."

Things are different from the way I thought
they'd be;
There is nothin' here that seems quite right to me;
I can hear my mother's voice a callin' Lee,
That's my brother, gave his life — Blest be
His hallowed memory — for Liberty,
Lee's the bestest one of all the lot;
Worked the hardest — swam the farthest, don't
know what
Lee didn't do lots better than the rest;
Guess that's why the Father thought it best
To take Lee home, that seems to be the way
That the Almighty Ruler takes to pay
His faithful ones. But though it's sad why shore
I'm glad to see the ole home place once more.



And oh this reminissen stirs me so, but shore
I want to see the ole home place once more

I want to know what come of Henry Lane
And Tommy Corwin and his sister Jane
And Benny Snead who used to hide our duds
When we's in swimmin'; then there's Willie Budds
Whose brother beat my time with Cinda Lee,
And I was allus glad he did for she
Was faithlesser than what I thought she'd be;
And Hunter, that's our rabbit dog; and Spot,
And Bessie too and Black, and I've forgot
The names of all our cows; and how we'd play
The organ with such tunes as Happy Day,
And Bonnie Doon, and Darlin' Nellie Gray
And then Lee'd up and sing Lead Kindly Light
And the old gospel tune Dispel the Night,
And Fannie Jones would play the cords, for then
They didn't play a heap by note, but when
The buckwheat notes came in she took a term
Of lessons on the organ, and gol dern
If I ever heard such tunes as Fannie played
Or ever dreamed of music like she made;
And oh this reminissen stirs me so, but shore
I'm glad to see the ole home place once more.

There stands the same old stately apple tree,
A trifle taller than it used to be,
But no more stomachakener I bet
Than what it was when me and Tommy et
To win a wager waged by brother Lee;
He's allus up to some such trick with me;

And over yonder stands the meetin' place
Where every Sunday mornin', Love and Grace
And Faith and Hope and everlastin' life
Was meted out and sin and worldly strife
Subdued. I want to know about Tom Jones
The son of the kind reverend whose bones
Have long since decomposed. I mind the day
When first they got the organ for to play,
And some there were who said that Satan dwelt
Inside, not more'n a yard from where I knelt.
And on one side of a partition wall
Were men and on the other women, all
On their own side accordin' to their kind,
And mostly snorin' as of a common mind;
And oh! I almost wished I hadn't come, but
shore
I'm glad to see the ole home place once more.

GOSSIPERS

I have heard somewhere in fiction, for it could not be in fact
Of two certain gossip mongers, who proceeded in a pact;
One of these two gossip mongers, sanctimoniously shy
Volunteered this information, in the name of God on high:

"I have heard a quiet rumor, in a confidential way,
That a certain well known person has been drifting far away.
Now I pray don't tell this story, to your nearest dearest friends
For it's altogether likely, she will later make amends."

"No my dear, rejoined the other, "I will never say a word
And if any soul should ask me, I'll protest I never heard;
To be sure I have two cousins who will keep the secret well,
But I'm sure that they will guard it, and will never, never tell."

So the story was repeated, to these confidential two,

Sworn to secrecy forever, under oath austere and true,
Save of course each had two others, equally as safe and mum,
Each of whom should hear the story which had grown somewhat in glum.

To these four this morbid story was confided with an oath,
That it never be repeated, not by pen, nor word of mouth;
From this oath in sense of fairness, to be sure there needs must be
Just this same small reservation; that is justice, don't you see?

So these four to eight they told it, and these eight to sixteen more;
From sixteen to two and thirty, so it spread from door to door!
Like a mighty conflagration, it enveloped all the town
Sending forth its belching fury, through the county miles around.

Geometric its progression, as it burned its furious way,
Spreading havoc and disaster, as it sped forth night and day,

Gaining fury and momentum, speeding on at any cost,
Till at last the message flashes; by its power a soul is lost.

Now the Lord looks down from Heaven, as he sits upon his throne,
On these motley gossip mongers, whom he may not call his own;
And he renders righteous judgment, judgment justly earned I wot,
As he says to all these sinners, "Turn away, I know thee not."

WITE IN THE THOOL ROOM

Firth day Bethie went to thool
How'd she know about the rule
Of talkin'? And Bethie she
Up and talked out loud to me.
Wite in the thool room.

And all the other thildren there
Knew the thool room's no place where
Bethie could talk out loud to me
And they giggleded at she,
Wite in the thool room.

And the teacher she was mad
And she told us Bethie had
Brought dithgrath to the whole crowd
And she tholded her out loud,
Wite in the thool room.

And she took the little chap
And she laid her tross her lap
And she thpanked poor Bethie there
And I bet you can't geth where!
Wite in the thool room.

THE BASEBALL FAN

I low this world has lunatics,
Fanatics, cranks and fools;
There's horse-race cranks and prize fight cranks
And cranks of diverse schools.
There's cranks what bet on volley ball,
And play the Board of Trade,
But Linda says the biggest crank
Wot God has ever made
IS THE BASEBALL FAN.

The man wot stakes 'bout all he's got
That Dempsey wins the fight,
Or bets a lot on Carpentier,
I say he's some crank right;
Or the man who stands in boiling sun
And cheers the winning mare,
But Linda says the biggest crank
In all the world there air,
IS THE BASEBALL FAN.

One time I goes to Baltimore
On business matters great,
But what the business matters were
I couldn't 'zactly state;
But Linda, somehow she suspects
It wasn't business 'tall,
And wot I really goes there for
Was to see a game of ball;
FOR LINDA SAYS I'M A BASE-
BALL FAN.

Now when I gets to Baltimore
The game was at New York,
So I with forty thousand more
Goes down to Third and Cork
Where scores are posted up to date
On every play that's made,
And there I stands with mercury
Some ninety in the shade!
Now 'peered that all the cheerin' there
Was done for Baltimore
Which didn't seem quite square to me
So I observed the score,
And when New York she made a hit
I yelled with all my might,
"There cheers for old New York" says I,
Not spectin' for to fight,
But less'n time it takes to tell,
A great big clumsy brute,
He spraddled out all over me
And battered in my snute;
And blackened eye and broken arm,
And dislocated knee,
Two broken ribs and fractured skull,
All these he gave to me,
And that is all I recollect
About the 'sperience,
Exceptin', from that day till now
I never have been since,

A BASEBALL FAN.

SISTER IS AFRAID OF A MOUSE?

You ought to hear my sister yell
Whene'er she sees a mouse.
My sister nearly has a spell
Whene'er she sees a mouse.

My sister's brave as brave can be
If bear or lion she should see,
And tigers scare her not a bit,
But sister nearly has a fit
Whene'er she sees a mouse.

She screams and cries and wrings her hands
And calls for "Help, Dear Mercy Lands,"
And runs and climbs upon a chair,
And oh she has an awful scare
Whene'er she sees a mouse.

One time my sister had a beau
As most girls do sometimes you know,
A timid chap, she called him Gene.
Now sister gave an awful scream;
Sister saw a mouse.

She screamed so loud, the frightened mouse,
It scampered all about the house
In vain attempt to find a shelf
Or other place to hide itself;
This frightened little mouse.

And finding efforts all in vain
A place of safety he to gain,
The mouse concluded to ascend
The pantaloon of sister's friend;
This naughty little mouse.

Now sister grabbed the poker stiff
And gave the mouse an awful biff,
Or so at least my sister tried,
But mouse was on the other side;
This clever little mouse.

Now sister, she is not the kind,
When she sets out, to change her mind,
And having biffed her first in vain
My sister up and biffed again.
Now Gene, convinced his leg was broke,
He yelled so loud that he awoke
My Dad who plunged from out his bed
And landed where my brother Ed
Had set a trap to catch the mouse,
Whose presence round about the house,
Was manifest for several days
In obvious and sundry ways.
My Dad he gave an awful roar
Upon his landing on this floor,
For Eddie's trap with jaws of steel
Foreclosed itself on Daddy's heel.
Now Gene he heard the noise upstairs

But of its import unawares
He armed himself to make defense
Against the robber if perchance
A robber should be prowling 'round,
And fell the culprit to the ground.
Now Daddy, frantic in his plight,
Another effort to alight
Did make, but with no better luck,
For when he lit he fairly struck
A hole which being in the floor
Was unprotected by a door,
As had been planned. The hole was small
And Dad could not get through at all.
His feet and legs and body swung,
But arms and shoulders caught and hung.
Now while Eugene was minding Dad
He didn't notice sister had
Procured a bale of boiling brine
With which to scald this base vermine,
Which by the way still held defense
In remote nook of Eugene's pants.
His only thought was what to do
To fell the robber swinging through
The orifice above his head
And make for sure the scamp was dead,
And you may judge of his surprise
When there before his very eyes
My sister stood with boiling pot
To dash and souse the very spot

Where last the mouse was thought to be.
Now Gene with all rapidity,
He grabbed the pot and made a dash
The robber's feet and legs to splash,
And had Eugene belabored well,
The consequence no man can tell.
Now on that very selfsame day,
My mother's aunt had come to stay,
How long nobody ever knows,
But she had brought a trunk of clothes,
And as Gene aimed with erring eye,
The boiling brine all went awry
And spattered all the clothes and things
Of mother's aunt Lucinda Bings.
Lucinda hearing all the noise,
She quite completely lost her poise,
And sallied forth in night attire
Proceeding thence to vaunt her ire,
And though a pious saint she be,
A secret just twixt you and me,
The things I heard Lucinda tell
To Gene, no printer dare to spell.
The upshot of the whole affair;
Luncinda Bings she pawed the air
And packed her clothes and went away
And ne'er returned until this day.
And all on account of a mouse.

NOTHING ELSE TO DO

A man lives down in Dingytown,
God bless his stingy soul,
Whose only comforts are his dog,
His cane and pipe and bowl;
He goes to bed at early dawn
And sleeps till break of day,
And after breakfast lights his pipe
And smokes his life away,
For he's nothing else to do.

He doesn't read the Daily News
Because it costs a bit;
He will not pay for Parson's gab
He doesn't care for it;
He wears the same old suit of clothes
He's worn for twenty years,
But not a breath of scandal e'er
Escapes his listening ears,
For he's nothing else to do.

He turns the hungry from the door
With void and empty hand,
And spurns the call of charity
He'd have you understand;
He'd rob the widow of her mite,
The orphan of his bit;

He gathers up his sordid gains
And stores them in his mit,
For he's nothing else to do.

Now quite a number of the boys
A living in our square,
Have organized a little club
For doing what is fair,
And we have every one chipped in
And helped to raise a purse,
And telephoned to Muncie for
A plain old fashioned hearse,
For there's nothing else to do.

CONTENTMENT

In the ancient land of Sparta I am told
That the man most highly honored was the bold
Courageous man of valor; neither pain
Nor patriotic death did he disdain,
But he never found contentment.

Turning next my thoughts to ancient Rome,
Chivalry was found to be the topmost dome
Of Ambition. He was honored most
Who led in battle's fury, Caesar's host,
But he never found contentment.

In Athens I am told that education,
Philosophy and art were the foundation
And the structure and the fabric and the goal
And the actuating motives of the soul,
But they never brought contentment.

In all the lands between the east and west,
There has ever been a mad'ning morbid quest
To attain a gorgeous mint of filthy gold
For which men's souls have oftentimes been sold,
But it never brought contentment.

So in searching through the archives of the past
I was verging on despair when lo at last
I caught the vision of a peasant bending low
In the service of her kindred. Now I know
Where to find contentment.

NATURE'S BEAUTY

When I look upon the grandeur of the autumn trees
And behold the brilliant colors as the gentle breeze
Keeps a nodding of the graceful branches to and fro,
And their inimitable beauty reigns where'er I go,
And their dazzling splendor sparkles through my clouded eye
I have often stopped to meditate and wonder why
I may not share their beauty.

Then again when winter's chilling frost and drizzling rain
Paints grand temples and cathedrals on the window pane,
And drapes the trees and shrubs with beauteous snowy shroud
And gives to them such splendor as no artist e'er endowed
To mortal art, I look upon their lustre with squint eye,
And strangely muse and meditate and wonder why
I may not share their beauty.

Or when whitecaps scamper to and fro in sunny May
And hold their pompous exhibitions day by day,

Or Thor peals out his threatening storm fore-
boding call
And the sky transcends the glory of celestial
Gaul
And I behold such grand resplendence as doth
blind my eye
The which no man can reproduce, I wonder why
I may not share their beauty.

One day a humble peasant chanced to pass my
way,
And to a poor and needy orphan she did say
"I freely share my mite;" and as the days passed
by
She gave response unselfishly to every cry,
And when I gazed upon her radiant sparkling eye
I saw replete effulgence and I fathomed why
I had not shared God's beauty.

SOL HENRY'S BETROTHAL

I have a tale I'd like to tell,
A tale that's all too true
If I could only find smooth words
Like lawyers allus do,
But bein' just a Country Squire,
A plain unvarnished man,
You'll have to take it as it comes;
I'll tell it as I can.

Sol Henry had a little farm
Down by the old canal;
Now Sol was up in years they say
And never had a gal.
Now Sol he didn't have a hate
Toward the weaker sex,
He couldn't make 'em understand;
Their brains were too complex,
So Sol he wrote a little ad
And sent it to the news
And answers? Lahs! You can't believe,
Came in to beat the Jews.
Sol took his choice and writ a note,
A clever little note,
And Sue she answered by return
And so they wrote and wrote,
And finally they set the day
And Sue packed up her grip

And all aboard was Sue to take
A quiet wedding trip,
But when she landed from the train,
Imagine her surprise
When there was Sol in working clothes
Before her very eyes,
For how should Sol expected be
To know what clothes to wear
On going down to meet his bride
Or how to comb his hair?
I'm not a findin' fault with Sol,
I wouldn't care a whit,
But I was needin' of that fee,
And that I didn't git.

NEVER GROW OLD

When I was a lad in my teens,
My grandpap was called an old man,
But now I am older by far
Than ever my grandpap was then,
And still I am only a boy,
A youth in both spirit and soul,
So I am contendin' that there
Is no reason to ever grow ole.

My grandpap was wearin' long whiskers
That literally covered his face
And seasoned his tea and his coffee
And mumbled the words of his grace;
But the Lord be could allus hear grandpap,
For he was a blessed ole soul,
Much ol'er than ever he need be
For there is no need to grow ole.

My grandpap lost all of his carin'
For huntin' and fishin' and books
And children and clothin' and dressin'
And matters affectin' his looks,
And all of the pleasures he cherished
Was nursin' his pipe and his bowl.
But if grandpap had lived in my fashion
He needn't have ever grown ole.

At seventy-five I'm delighted
With children astride of my knee,
And mussin' my hair with their fingers
And tumblin' around over me,
And askin' me questions, and tellin'
'Em stories I often have tole
For these are the things that keeps grandpaps
From agein' no matter how ole.

GREAT IDEES

There is a man that lives down here in Dingytown
That is destined to become of world renown;
Not that he possesses any wondrous skill,
Nor special fitness for great mission to fulfill,
But I'm judgin' of his future if you please,
By his monstrous 'cumulation of idees.

He has got a great mechanic's turn of mind,
He is always at inventin' of some kind
Of machine the like of which was never known,
And no brain e'er could invent except his own.
Now he spends a lot of money makin' these,
But he's all the time a pilin' up idees.

In his monstrous brain there dwells a little notion
That in course of time he'll have perpetual motion
And a tube equipped with high electric power
For sendin' people over seas in half an hour.
Now perchance he'll die without completin' these
But he'll leave behind, a stack of big idees.

STAY WITH THE FARM

Folks are leavin' of the farm most every day
And a hikin' to the city light and gay;
Oh I grant the farm's a little lonesome now,
But we better far stay with it anyhow;
It won't be long till spring's a comin' round
And we'll hear the cheery Robin Redbreast's sound;
Old Cock Winter's long tail feathers will drop out
And Jack Frost so badly crippled be no doubt
That for months he'll hardly dare to gad about.
We will soon be hearin' of the meadow lark,
And the Katy-did a singin' in the dark,
And the clover will be bloomin' here in June
And we'll hear the Bob-o-link in merry tune,
And the sassy little stingin' honey bee
Manufacturin' its sweetness just for me,
And old Sol will soon be kindlin' up his fires
Coaxin' lovely roses from the thorny briers,
And we'll hear the patter of the April showers
Lulling us to slumber in the midnight hours,
And our lips will smack and glow in ruddy red
As respects we humbly pay the luscious bed
Of strawberries teasin' of our appetite;
And the trees all dressed aglow and burnished bright
In their new Parisian petticoats of green.
And we'll hear the cooin' of the dove I ween;

The soprano of Bob-white so loud and shrill,
And the tenor of the pipin' whippoorwill,
And the owl a singin' alto, and bull frogs
Croakin' out bass solos in the marshy bogs,
And sweet melody will fill the balmy air
And charm the world with heavenly music
everywhere;
Oh I grant the farm's a little lonesome now,
But we better far stay with it anyhow.

LIVING JUST NOW

Well now I 'low it wasn't bad
To live a hundred years of yore,
But I contend it's better now
Than what it ever was before.
The tallow candle had its day,
The fire place may have been all right,
But I will toast my shins and read
By furnace and electric light.

It's nice to talk of barge canals
And mule back rides through mountain snow
But I will take the railroad trains,
Street cars and autos when I go.
The old log cabin thatched with straw
With snow and wind and winter's chill
May be romantic but I'll take
A plastered house, that's what I will.

The home spun clothes and home knit socks
And mattresses of shucks and straw
Are nice enough to talk about
But when it comes to sleeping, lah!
They won't compare with cotton mats.
And there's the wooden trundle bed
A kinder hidden under Pa's.
Give me a big brass bed instead.

The oaken bucket in the well,
The rag wove carpet on the stair,
Are good enough for poets but
I'll stay where rugs and faucets air.
I'd liked to live about the time
My grandpap married Liza Jane,
And then I'd like to live just now
And sometime I would live agane.

MOTHER'S LOVE

Although I tour in distant lands
O'er mountain peaks or desert sands,
No mortal voice to greet my ear
I hear a voice that gives me cheer,
'Tis the voice of my mother's love.

Or doth affliction sore oppress,
Or bathe in anguish and distress,
Nor balm to soothe this life's disdain.
I feel a touch that soothes my pain;
'Tis the touch of my mother's love.

Or when bereavement drapes the door
And darkens life from face to core,
And plunges me in sorrow's sea,
I hear a voice that comforts me;
'Tis the voice of my mother's love.

Perchance my pathway leads to sin,
With naught but ill designs within
My heart, nor bent on worthy goal,
I hear a voice that makes me whole;
'Tis the voice of my mother's love.

WHITE ROSES

(An Easter Carol.)

On the summit of Calvary's Mountain,
Where the cross of the Savior was borne,
To this day may be seen a blue rose bud
With petals all drooping, forlorn;
By its side is another with petals
As pure and as white as the air,
And thus since the days of Golgotha,
The blue and the white have been there.

The blue has been loathed through the ages,
As the emblem of death and despair.
Men shrink from its presence with hatred;
Its pollen defileth the air.
Its thorns prick the flesh to the bleeding,
And poison with venom, I vow,
For the blue rose is nourished and watered
By the sweat from the traitorous brow.

The white rose with sweet adoration,
Is viewed as the emblem of love;
And of hope and of life everlasting
And home with our Savior above;
Its fragrance as sweet as Frankincense,
Brings peace and repose and accord,
For the white rose is nourished and watered
By the blood from the side of the Lord.

Since the dawn of that first Easter Morning,
When Mary of Magdala
Viewed the tomb where the Savior was buried,
And the stone from the door rolled away;
White roses have flourished and blossomed
Wherever man's footsteps have trod,
And out of their blossoms has risen
Divine benedictions from God.

Our land is a land of white roses;
Sweet roses as pure as the dew,
Bearing solace and sweet consolation,
Inspiring with courage anew.
Here's a rose to the Star Spangled Banner,
Whose folds gently float in the breeze,
And carry the message of Jesus
To the far away isles of the seas;
May her folds swayed by zephyrs from Heaven,
Continue in triumph to wave
O'er the land of the true and the faithful,
The home of the just and the brave.

Here's a rose to the temple of worship,
The church of the Savior divine,
The giver of life everlasting,
The author of blessings benign.
Here's a rose to the home and the fireside,
Where mercy and love doth abide,

The haven of rest and rejoicing,
No matter what ills may betide.
Oh the world is just filled with white roses,
To the farthermost isles of the sea,
Bearing peace and good will and rejoicing,
And gladness for you and for me.

TOUCHED BY THE HAND OF THE LORD

In the land of the Holy of Holies,
Where Jesus was born among men,
A pendulous bulb was borne swiftly
By the wings of an eagle of ken,
And dropped in the foul stagnant waters,
Submerged in the cesspool of earth,
But something seemed beckoning hither
And a beautiful lily came forth;
It was touched by the hand of the Lord.

In the shoals of the waters of Birma
Are swan, the Bird Royal renowned,
Nor of form neither gainly nor comely,
Nor note of melodious sound:
Her throat bent in angular silence,
As mute as the stillness of night;
But in dying she brings forth such music
As Heaven itself doth delight;
She was touched by the hand of the Lord.

The gray homely web of the spider,
Entwined 'round the Yuletide tree;
Nor beauty nor strength to sustain it,
Nor power to defend it hath he;
The target of every domestic,
The prey of the onslaught oft told,
Comes suddenly forth into splendor
In glittering threads of gold;
It was touched by the hand of the Lord.

I dreamed of a world lost in darkness,
Mankind given over to lust
And worship of indolent idols,
Engraven of copper and dust;
And angushing cries of oppression,
Resounding through hill and through dale;
The bodies of innocent children
Consumed at the altar of Baal;
But light has succeeded the darkness;
Good will has been spread among men;
Peace on earth is the hour's kindly watchword,
And Heaven's doors opened again;
We've been touched by the hand of the Lord.

Our life has not always been sunshine;
We've had our full share of the rain;
But whenever the clouds thickly gathered
The sun has dispelled them again;
We've traveled through want and privation,
Bereavement and sorrow and sin;
But somehow the warmth of the Solstice
Invincibly entereth in;
And now on the eve of the Yuletide,
I'm charmed by this glorious old world,
The land of the Star Spangled Banner,
The home of Old Glory unfurled:
We've been touched by the hand of the Lord.

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